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mind, Mr. Purtil, you have it, now." "What have I?" says he, "Mr. Dalton's process, says I; 'an he expects you'll answer it a' Monday.' Well, I never seen a man in such a born rage. He hulloosed the dog an' the people afther me, but there wás nobody in hearing; and I *thrum* my fine bag o' praties, more was the pity, upon the gravel (afcerd they'd be too heavy for me,) and I cut, and I run, an' I pelted away over the rocks an' stones, hedges and ditches, driving an' pushing for the bare life, until I came to the head o' the sthreet above, where I was tould your honour was stopping at Mc Gawly's, here."

To this second tale, Mr. Griffin subjoins a conclusion in which he closes his notice of the Munster Festivals, in the following terms.

"And here, indulgent reader, we proceed to let fall the curtain on this series of national dramas, which your gentle favour has enabled us to prolong, unbroken, to the ninth weary volume. We proposed at the outset, no more laborious task than that of furnishing a number of Tales, comprising some account of those annual feasts, which are still celebrated, with a religious care in the southern parts of Ireland. That plan is now completed. We have done honour to Candlemas-day, on the shores of the since far-famed County of Clare, at the return of Duke Dorgan—we have heard from the lips of Remmy O'Lone, an ample historical explanation of the rustic ceremonies of St. Stephen's day—we have lighted the fires of St. John, for the dismay and the destruction of the Coiner—we have followed the fickle Hardress Cregan, among the city revellers of St. Patrick's day—and the May-day mummers in the country—we have sat with Eily O'Connor by her lonely Christmas candle—we have called Esther Wilderning from the grave, to catechise the white robed votaries of St. Bridget—and, finally, we have witnessed the distribution of palms, under the guidance of the ambitious Abel Tracy. Our task is therefore ended, and nothing remains for us, but that, until the lapse of some further time and observation shall enable us to present ourselves before you with something more worthy of your attention, we bid you indulgent reader, kindly farewell."

But though our author thus courteously "takes leave," he is still "loth to depart," and treats us to a short additional disquisition, ex professo upon politics, before closing the volume. This final conclusion, in which nothing is concluded, is temperately written, but rather out of place. It states, that the first step towards the amelioration of the condition of the Irish peasant, "must be such an improvement in his political position, as will place him beyond the influence of that sordid motive, which is the offspring of want." The means of effecting this, our author, if we understand him rightly, conceives to be by compelling the residence of the absentee landlords, but with his political opinions we do not wish to intermeddle.

We have to remark that these volumes are defaced by gross typographical errors, in almost every page, and had they issued from the *Irish* press, we should have denounced them as a disgrace to the mechanical accuracy of the country. To the English printing, however, we must in courtesy, be more indulgent. It will be pleasant by and bye, to see the London publishers sending to Dublin to get their works correctly printed. At all events, it will not be the first time.

We cannot conclude this Review, without favouring our readers with some specimens of a

poem on the well known story of Kevin and Cathleen, with which Mr. Griffin prefaces his first volume. Often as the romantic legend has been versified, we know not that such ample justice has ever before been done to its simple beauty.

THE FATE OF CATHLEEN, A WICKLOW STORY.

I.
In Luggelaw's deep-wooded vale,
The summer eye was dying;
On lake, and cliff, and rock, and dale,
A lulling calm was lying;
And virgin saints and holy men
The vesper song were singing,
And sweetly down the rocky glen
The vesper bell was ringing.

II.
Soft gloom fell from the mountain's breast,
Upon the lake declining;
And half in gentle shade was drest,
And half like silver shining—
And by that shore young Kevin stands,
His heart with anguish laden;
And timid there, with wreathed hands,
A fair and gentle maiden.

XXXIII.
In Luggelaw's deep-wooded vale,
The summer dawn was breaking,
On lake and cliff, and wood, and dale,
Light, life, and joy were waking,
The skylark in the ear of morn
His shrill life was sounding,
With speckled side, and mossy horn,
The deer were up and bounding.

XXXIV.
Young Nature now all bustlingly
Stirs from her nightly slumber,
And puts those misty curtains by
Her mighty couch that cumber.
And dew's hang fresh on leaf and thorn,
And o'er each eastern highland,
Those golden clouds arise and morn
That grace our own green island.

XXXV.
Light laughed the vale, gay smiled the sun,
Earth's welcome glad returning,
Like valour come when wars are done,
To beauty in her mourning.
The night calm flies, the ruffling breeze
Sports on the glancing water,
And gently waves the tangled trees
Above the chieftain's daughter.

KEVIN'S DREAM.

XLVI.
He dreamed that at the golden gate
Of heaven, flung wide and gleaming,
He heard soft music as he sat,
And saw bright pinions beaming:
Millions of sainted shapes he saw,
In light and fragrance ranging,
And calm delight, and holy awe,
In speaking looks exchanging.

XLVII.
He strove to join that angel band,
But in the porch before him,
With mocking eye and warning hand,
Cathleen stood glooming o'er him;
She thrust him from the sainted crowd,
The gates rung clanging after,
And on his ear came long and loud
A peal of fearful laughter.

XLVIII.
Again it opes, again he tries
To join that glorious vision,
Again with lifted hands, and eyes
Deep fixed in keen derision:
That minion of the burning deep
Stands wrapt in gloom before him,
Up springs he from his broken sleep,
And sees her trembling o'er him!

XLIX.
"Vengeance!" he yelled, and backward tossed
His arms, and muttered wildly:
The frightened maid her forehead crossed,
And drooped before him mildly.
"Oh, slay me not—Oh, Kevin, spare
The life thy Lord has given!"
He paused, and fixed that barren stare,
Upon the brightening heaven.

L.
"Cathleen," he sighed, "that timely word
Has left my hands unbloody;
But see, the early morning bird,
Sings in the sunshine ruddy.
Before that morn strain be o'er
Fly far, and hie, and fear me;
For death is on this gloomy shore,
And madness haunting near me."

LI.
With clenched teeth, and painful smile
(Love's last despairing token),
She flung her arms around him, while
Her heart beat thick and broken.
She clasp'd him as she would have grown
Into his breast for ever:
Then fix'd her gaze upon his own,
And sternly whispered—"Never!"

LII.
Again, again! those madding dreams
Upon his soul awaken,
The fiend athwart his eye ball swims—
Those golden gates are shaken—
Again he hears that writhing mock
The vision'd stillness breaking,
And hurls the maiden from the rock
Into the black lake, shrieking!

Recollections of Travels in the East; forming a continuation of the Letters from the East. By John Carne, Esq. of Queen's College, Cambridge. 1 vol. 8vo. p. p. 348.—London, Colburn and Bentley, 1830.

WE remember three or four years ago reading with very considerable pleasure, Mr. Carne's Letters from the East, to which the present volume is intended to form a sort of supplement. Mr. Carne's style is always light, harmonious, and agreeable, often picturesque and brilliant, and we can safely recommend his volume as very pleasant reading. Novel information is scarcely to be looked for, in the description of scenes already so familiar to the mind of every reader, as the topography of the holy land. Still the power of association over the human mind is so strong, that every the minutest detail relating to

— Those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nail'd,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross,

is seen or listened to with an intensity of interest, proportionate to the heart-engrossing importance of the circumstances and events with which the scene is naturally connected in the mind of every sincere believer in the sublime truths of Christianity. That one should linger with awe and wonder, and pleasing sadness, among the scenes which the divine founder of our faith dignified by his presence, and adorned by his acts of love to our species, that one should tread, with reverential fondness, the paths consecrated by the wanderings of the early champions of our own religion, and visit with eagerness and care the districts proudly distinguished, even before that era, as the land marked out by God himself for the chosen residence of his peculiar people, is almost a part of the religion of human nature. The country of the four gospels is sacred and familiar to the mind from childhood. The Mount of Olives, and the Mount of Calvary—the river and the lake, and the brook Hebron, and the garden, are brought so distinctly before us, in the narratives of the evangelists, that when the spot is visited, the spectator unconsciously forgets its actual existing circumstances,—its 'ruined arch and broken wall,' and peeples his imagination with the deeds and the beings that have been, which now seem to assume a local and a tangible existence, that they never had before. Accordingly we find, that in every age, since christianity was established in the world, the desire to visit and examine the country of Palestine has prevailed; and many have been found at all times eager to present such as remained at home, less favored than themselves, with minute descriptions of those interesting scenes. Nor has the frequency of these accounts entirely destroyed their novelty or zest. Different

men have different experiences; nor would any two, perhaps, in existence, feel or express their feelings in exactly the same way, were travellers visiting the same spot, and writing stories of their travels, till the day of judgment.

When we say Mr. Carne is a light and pleasant writer, we think we have said all.—His present volume, too, is, perhaps, somewhat *de trop*. It is too like the weedings of the portfolio out of which he had supplied his letters from the East; and he unfortunately sometimes forgets, and almost repeats himself. He frequently hazards opinions also, which are closely connected with important religious doctrines, in a manner always superficial, and generally we think unsound. If he had only steered clear of such matters altogether, we should have been infinitely better pleased, than to hear him uttering crudities on such an awfully important subject. We shall show more precisely what we mean, at the close of our extracts, which we shall commence with the following interesting account of the tomb of Rachel.

"The western path from the city is extremely bare and desolate; it passes over the valley; or rather plain of Rephidim, that extends for many miles, having scarcely a single habitation on it. One dwelling only on the left, meets the passenger's eye, and sometimes tempts his footsteps, in search of refreshment in the sultry waste; it is a mean Turkish coffee-house, where the reviving berry and the pipe are ready at a moment's call. The Arab, prowling cautiously in the neighbourhood, or hastening to the banner of some chief, turns aside to this solitary auberge, as it might be called; but the pilgrim more rarely and warily approaches, for it has rather a suspicious look.

"A few miles farther on, are the ruins of the village of Rama; fragments of walls, only a few feet high, are now the vestiges of the place where the prophet so beautifully predicted the mourning for the Innocents. There is a spot on the plain, at no great distance from this ruined village, of much higher interest,—the tomb of Rachel. It is one of the few places where the observer is persuaded that tradition has not erred; as it fulfils literally the words of Israel in his last hour, when dwelling on the only indelible remembrance that earth seemed to claim from him. The long exile, the converse with the angels of God, the wealth and greatness which had gathered round him, all yield to the image of the loved and faithful wife: 'And as for me, Rachel died by me, in the way from Bethlehem, and I buried her there.'

"The spot is as wild and solitary as can well be conceived; no palms or cypresses give their shelter from the blast; not a single tree spreads its shade where the ashes of the beautiful mother of Israel rest. Yet there is something in this sepulchre in the wilderness, that excites a deeper interest than more splendid or revered ones. The tombs of Zacharias and Absalom, in the valley of Jehoshaphat, or of the Kings in the plain of Jeremiah, the traveller looks at with careless indifference; beside that of Rachel his fancy wanders to the land of the people of the East, to the power of beauty that could so long make banishment sweet; to the devoted companion of the wanderer, who deemed all troubles light for her sake.

"The Turks have surrounded most of the burial-places of the chief characters of the Old Testament, with more pomp and stately ob-

servance than this: over that of David and Solomon, on the declivity of Zion, a mosque is erected; the cave too of Machpelah, at Hebron, is covered by a large and ancient mosque, and all around, the soil is held inviolable. The cave is in the middle of the interior of the edifice; its dark and deep entrance only is visible; and it is rarely entered, even by the steps of the faithful. For more than a century, not more than two or three Europeans are known, either by daring or bribery, to have visited it; the last was an Italian Count, a traveller, who, by paying very high, was allowed by his guardians to tread the floor of the mosque, and descend into the obscurity of the hallowed cavern; this was thirty years since. It is a great pity that so memorable a scene should be closed to the curious eye; the bold valley in which the ancient town of Hebron stands is often visited by the steps of the pilgrim and the traveller; but the penalty of death to every Christian who enters within the walls of the mosque, is too dear a payment for the gratification. The cave is said by the Turks to be deep and very spacious, cut out of the solid rock; and that the resting-places of the celebrated patriarchs still exist, and are plainly to be discerned.

"The tribute paid, however, by the followers of the Prophet to the burial-place of Rachel, is far more sincere and impressive, than walls of marble or gilded domes: the desire which the Turks feel that their ashes may rest near hers, is singular and extreme. All around this simple tomb, lie thickly strewn the graves of the Mussulmans. A trait such as this, speaks more for the character of this people, than many volumes written in their praise; for it cannot be for any greatness, or wisdom, or holiness, in the character of her who sleeps beneath, (for which qualities they show so much respect to the sepulchres of Abraham, of David, and his son)—but simply for the high domestic virtues and qualities which belonged to Rachel, she was a devoted wife and an excellent mother, as well as the parent of a mighty people; and for these things do the Turks venerate her memory.

"It is a scene of no common interest, when a funeral train issues from the gate of the city, and passing slowly over the plain of Rephidim, draws nigh the lonely sepulchre, with an earnest desire that the parent or child whose remains they bear, may sleep in a spot so venerated. Was a Jew to cross the procession, at this moment, he would be treated with deep curses, and looks of hatred and scorn, by the very people who are about to kneel around the ashes of one of his ancestors. Deeply fallen nation! forbidden even to draw near or bow down at the place that is full of the remembrance of its ancient greatness. So rigidly are the Jews excluded from entering the monument, that the four arches which support the simple dome have been filled up. The band of mourners stand round the place, and the turban is bowed to the earth, while the funeral wail passes over the solitary waste, solemn and impressive, as if the spirits of the prophets themselves had come back, and saw the desolation of their land.

"No slender pillars of wood or stone, with inscriptions in letters of gold, are here, not a single memorial, which this people are otherwise so fond of erecting in their cemeteries. It seems to be sufficient, that they are placed beneath the favourite sod; and small and nume-

rous mounds, over which the survivor sometimes comes and weeps, mark the places of the graves. If it be beautiful, in the splendid cemetery of Père la Chaise, to see the widow or the orphan planting flowers over the ashes of the departed, and bathing them with their tears, it is surely more impressive to see the Oriental, in his simple and flowing garb, like that worn perhaps in patriarchal days, mourning over the lonely grave in the wilderness, where human pride and vanity cannot come."

Mr. Carne subsequently conducts us to Egypt, and visits the pyramids,—describes the scenes of the wanderings of the Israelites, and returns to Mahmoud Ali, and lady Hester Stanhope, of whom, we thought we had heard enough from him in his letters. The following is the account of his visit to the passage of the Red Sea.

"The setting of the sun, from the spot where we stood, was very beautiful, although there were neither groves nor vales on which the sinking rays might linger, but a low and naked shore. But this was not the case on the other side of the sea, to which nature had been more bountiful: the mountains were there bold and lofty, and the sun was sinking slowly behind them, while his red beams rested on their broken ridges. They were the same amidst which the Israelites were entangled in their flight; and the wilderness on the other side being a sandy expanse, left them at the mercy of their pursuers. It was the divine intention, doubtless, from the first, to destroy the power of Egypt, as the route towards the head of the Red Sea, was equally direct and near, and the desert of Sin was then open to the fugitives, without either mountain or wave in the way.

"The twilight soon rested on the silent sheet of water, that was not broken by a single bark or vessel from the ports below, as the breeze was too faint to carry them through its uncertain navigation, that abounds with shoals and rocks. The rugged forms of the mountains opposite grew dim and indistinct. No sound broke on the stillness of the beach, on which we now lay down to rest, save the faint murmur of the shallow water; and there was little danger of intruders, for the place was too desert to tempt either the wandering Bedouin or the busy fisherman. The hours fled almost unperceived; the scene was full of interest; and we could not help recalling the description of the famous passage of this sea by the chosen people, that has given rise to so many fruitless doubts and explanations. What a noble subject for a painter, that hour of darkness and terror would be, and the rushing of the hosts through the wild gulf! It should seem that the absurd idea of representing the waves standing 'like a wall on each side,' had as well be abandoned. This is giving a literal interpretation to the evidently figurative words of Scripture; where it is said that God 'caused the sea to go back all night, by a strong east wind;' and when the morning dawned, there was probably a wide and waste expanse, from which the waters had retired to some distance; and that 'the sea returning to his strength in the morning,' was the rushing back of an impetuous and resistless tide, inevitable, but not instantaneous, for it is evident the Egyptians turned and fled from its approach."

The concluding paragraph affords a fair sample of Mr. Carne's mode of accommodating passages of scripture to whatever notions he may chance to have taken up, without that

careful and minute investigation so requisite, before hazarding an opinion on such a subject. Had Mr. Carne taken the trouble of consulting a little more carefully the fourteenth chapter of the book of Exodus, he would have discovered, not only that his plan for the escape of fugitives who fled on foot before a mounted enemy, would, humanly speaking, have been madness; but that the fact that the Israelites walked upon dry land, in the *midst* of the sea, and the waters were a wall unto them, on their *right hand*, and on their *left*, is twice repeated in the 22d and 29th verses, in a manner so precise and emphatic, as wholly to preclude his nice easy little theory, for saving the Israelites by a sort of half-miracle.

Tales of the Classics. A new delineation of the most popular Fables, Legends, and Allegories commemorated in the works of Poets, Painters, and Sculptors: selected and written by a lady, for the amusement and instruction of her own daughters.—3 vols. 8vo. London, Colburn and Bentley, 1830.

It is not easy for a scholar, who has quarried his way through hard rock Greek to a competent knowledge of the various topics of classical antiquity, to do justice to the prettiness of a lady's book on such a subject. Nevertheless, if the polished corners of the Temple are to be adorned with the flowers of Heathen mythology, we know of no work in which the portion of information fit to be made known to them is more fully or more delicately conveyed, than in that which forms the subject of the present notice. It commences with a prose paraphrase of the beginning of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, touching Chaos, the Creation and the Four Ages of Gold, Silver, Brass, and Iron. Then come the Wars of the Giants and Deucalion's Flood. And eke the various stories of Ovid (to whom, after all, even we who affect to be skilled in scholar-craft, are principally indebted, after Hesiod, for our information,) stripped, however, of their apparent indelicacy and suitably attired in holiday terms. The Greek and Roman stories are continued down to the time of Julius Cæsar. It happened that recently before taking up these volumes, we had been reading over, we shall not say whether for the tenth or twentieth time, the Hecuba of Euripides, stopping at the completion of the beautiful unity which terminates with the death of Polyxena, so feelingly described by Thalybius. In glancing over the third volume of the *Tales of the Classics*, we met the following version of the story:—

"The Grecian fleet being about to depart from this port, Agamemnon and his brother officers determined, previously to their embarkation, to go and pay their devotions at the tomb erected to the memory of Achilles on the shore. Suddenly the ghost of that hero appeared, standing in a menacing attitude on the cenotaph. It had a fierce and frowning aspect; and in a hollow murmuring voice it uttered these words:—'Tremble at the thoughts of departing from this coast, without first making a sacrifice to the manes of Achilles. He demands the blood of Polyxena.'

"The young and beautiful princess, the last consolation of her afflicted mother, was now torn from the bosom of the distracted Hecuba, and led away to be sacrificed. The high-priest,

Calchas, commanded that this cruel rite should be performed by the hand of Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles. The magnanimity and fortitude of the illustrious victim proved equal to her grace and beauty. She expressed her willingness to die, begged that she might not be bound, and implored Pyrrhus to console her with the promise that her body should be delivered, without ransom, to her mother. Having received this assurance, she submitted calmly, and without a murmur, to the stroke of death. The spectators wept bitterly; and even Calchas, accustomed as he was to such bloody ceremonies, could scarcely refrain from tears."

If Euripides was a misogynist, hath not the "lady" had her revenge?

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Family Classical Library; vol. I. Demosthenes. London, Valpy, 1830.

This is a reprint of Leland's Demosthenes, to be concluded in the second volume. The Family Classical Library is intended to present a series of the most approved translations of the classical authors, as Demosthenes, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Homer, Cicero, Livy, Sallust, Tacitus, Virgil, Horace, and the rest, on an uniform plan, and at a moderate price. As this is only the old story over again, of pouring from one bottle into another, we have nothing to offer in the way of criticism, except to say, that the mechanical details, which in this case constitute the sole business of the Editor, seem creditably executed. The character of Leland's translation of Demosthenes, is long established, and deservedly very high. There is no intimation of any new translations appearing in the course of the work; and on the whole, it seems rather a book-making sort of concern.

Ringstead Abbey; or the Stranger's Grave, with other Tales. By an Englishwoman. London, Hurst, Chance and Co. 1830.

This book is written, we believe, by Mrs. Sargent, author of a life of Cranmer, and some other works. The story is lady-like and smoothly told; and a sort of female Tremaine is converted to Christianity in a very decorous and edifying manner, by the serious reflections suggested to her, by a certain "very good sort of woman," entitled lady Delamore,—to say nothing of the sympathetic feelings awakened in her breast, "all by the death of a nate young man," who departs this life in a very becoming and obliging way, principally for the sake of the opportunity that circumstance affords him, of leaving his prayer-book to the fair recusant. This tender incident, is, of course, too moving to be resisted for a moment. The young lady, therefore, has no more to do, but sink upon the breast of lady Delamore, (mother of the dear deceased,) and confess, in a very pretty speech, that she is no longer faithless, but believing. A great deal of choice matter follows this; but in the end, after a due proportion of deaths, births, and marriages, intermingled with a constant seasoning of religious instruction, all that remain upon the scene, are made as happy as the day is long, and the curtain falls. By those who relish spiritual consolation ministered promi-

nently and in terms, in a tale of fiction, this will doubtless be considered a desirable book. It is really very respectably and evenly written, and the spirit which pervades it, is excellent; but to those who require strong meat on subjects of divinity, it will appear a weak production.

The Court and the Town during the Reigns of Louis XIV. XV. and XVI. or Historical disclosures from unpublished MSS. 1 vol. 8vo. Paris, Dentu, 1830.—London, Dulau and Co.

WE mention this Work only because it has obtained considerable celebrity in Paris. The fact speaks volumes for the state of public morals in that city. It is a confused compilation of disgraceful stories, fit only to adorn the pages of the scandalous magazine, and to pollute and debase the minds of those who delight to rake into such abominations. It is some consolation to us to have burned the only copy, we believe, that came to Ireland.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The Westminster Review, No. XXIII.—January, 1830.

THIS is avowedly the Radical Review of England, and accordingly we find it, as might be naturally expected, coarsely written, but with much vigour and ability mingled with its coarseness. It is also, as might be reasonably anticipated, very political, and therefore we have not much to say to it. The present number, contains a long and carefully written article on the provincial newspaper press, which must have cost an infinite deal of labour to compile, and in which, after all, we do not feel disposed to repose much confidence, founded as it necessarily is, in a great measure, on official and parliamentary papers, for the authority of which, at least as taken by an uninitiated person, we entertain no very profound respect. The portion which relates to the press of Dublin and of Ireland generally, will however, doubtless prove interesting to Irish readers. The writer gives a minute detail of the circumstances, and persons, connected with each of the newspaper establishments in Dublin, and elsewhere, which we of course avoid, both as political and personal.

The articles in the Review which pleased us most, were those on the poetical works of S. T. Coleridge, in which we were equally surprised and gratified to find, that almost justice is done to Mr. Coleridge's transcendent poetical genius, much as his political prose is abused, and the short one on Frisian Literature. The translation from a little piece entitled *Nacht*, in the *Lapekoer*, a Frisianland album of prose and verse pieces, is beautifully done, but there is no intimation of the source from which it is derived.

A Foreign Literary Gazette was last week commenced in London; we believe it is in connexion with the London Literary Gazette, and as it seems conducted with ability, we trust, it will succeed. It is mortifying to reflect, that while London supports two Foreign Quarterly Reviews, and will, it may be fairly presumed, extend sufficient patronage to this hebdomadal miscellany, Foreign Literature is so little cultivated in Dublin, that new continental works rarely reach our metropolis till they are almost forgotten every where else.